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Judge

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Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
Betwixt them both they cleaned the plate
And licked the platter clean.

Judge

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THE EMPEROR of China is probably alive, but not very much so.

* * *

WE BEG PARDON of the late Mr. Disraeli, but Israel Zangwill looks like him.

* * *

MASSACHUSETTS is now a good state to do murder in. They have abolished hanging there.

* * *

THE SPANIARDS at Paris have been divided in opinion as to whether there was a war, to say nothing of a surrender.

* * *

POLITICS IN CHINA is largely centred in the question to the emperor, "Come now! why don't you go on with your dying?"

* * *

THE PRESIDENT makes good short speeches. He has the rare ability of Horace Greeley and Benjamin Harrison — he knows enough to stop when he gets through.

* * *

THE BLACK SOLDIER has brought some sort of equality to his race, but no white woman has thus far put up her lips to him. Perhaps this is suggestive as to where to draw the line.

ELECTROCUTING HIS THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

FARMER UPTODATE—"Now, Mirandy, you'll see how much more humane the elocution is than decapertation."

* * *

THE PROHIBITION ORATOR in Kentucky who was arrested for bathing in a public reservoir was a type of his kind, which is never so happy as when it is making a show of itself.

* * *

A CLERGYMAN with ten thousand young men back of him proposes to drive vice out of Chicago. It may be recalled that Mrs. Partington once tried to push back the Atlantic ocean with a mop.

* * *

MRS. LEASE wants to raise five million dollars to reimburse young Mr. Gould for his loss in marrying the woman of his choice. Why not double the money and give the poor boy a royal pension for life?

* * *

BALLINGTON BOOTH decrees the abolishment of the bass-drum by his volunteers. It is not wise. Lots of people who appreciate the dignity of the big drum will refuse to be saved by a little, contemptible thing like the tambourine.

* * *

THE REPUBLICANS of Georgia joined the populists, and at the late election in that state the silver Democrats triumphed by a large majority. Whichever horn of this kind of dilemma you grasp, you are sorry you didn't clutch the other.

THE REWARD OF VALOR.

"WE WOMEN," says a woman in a London newspaper, "are not allowed to express our feelings with regard to our troops." Very well. Either England must never have another war, or every English, Scotch and Irish girl must move at once to this country.

BLUFF.

TALK IN FRANCE of war with England may be necessary to peace without justice to Dreyfus. Talk of a coup d'état by some military man of whom nobody at this time knows anything whatever may be equally advisable. But what miserable bluff it is, and how utterly it would fail of its purpose in the case of any people but the French!

FAIR PLAY AT HOME.

THE COURAGE of the Chinese on Admiral Dewey's ship was as gratifying as it was surprising; but that is no reason why four hundred million Chinamen should be turned loose on our seventy million people, nine-tenths of whom get their living by hard work and few of whom get more than they earn. Let us have fair play for ourselves before we give China the freedom of this country in a gold box.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

THE GOVERNOR of Illinois would prohibit the importation of labor—indeed he would make it a high crime. He assumes to champion the rights of labor, yet he would take from it the liberty of competition and fasten it within certain limits with chain and ball. We have regulated the Chinese labor business by national enactment. He would apply the same law to states and counties. Where shall this sort of business stop?

SOMEBODY MUST GO.

THE DEMOCRATIC EDITORS of Kentucky are pretty nearly united in their desire that Henry Watterson consider himself an ex-Democrat and step down from the leading position he has held so long. Mr. Watterson feels as if somebody ought to go, but wants a substitute; and in a double-leaded, double-columned, double-breasted article suggests that Mr. Bryan do the retiring and leave the party of the nation to select somebody else for president. It is a decided difference of opinion, and Mr. Watterson seems to be hopelessly in the minority.

INTEMPERATE AMBITION.

THE GOOD WOMEN of the temperance union proposed to erect a temple in Chicago at a cost of over a million dollars, bought the ground, and began work. It has been found that only a quarter of the amount has been raised, with no prospect of raising more, and therefore the project has been given up, with the loss of all that money. Women and mathematics never did agree; but if the union wants to resume the enterprise they will find it profitable to pass the hat around among the class frequently called "the boys"—the most generous people in the world.

MURDER AS A VIRTUE.

D'ANNUNZIO, who is called the foremost man in Italian letters, writes:

"In the tragic death of Elizabeth of Austria there is a perfection that delights and uplifts me. The swift, unerring stroke suddenly revealed to our eyes, in extraordinarily pure relief, the secret beauty of this imperial life, as the immortal statue suddenly shines forth from the stone which the blow of the brutal hammer breaks. I know hearts that have palpitated with enthusiasm on learning certain admirable details of this bloody departure."

A step further and this man would praise the murderer as the chief artist of assassination and commend him as a model for all the other assassins. He glorified the empress with his steel—he gave to the outlines of her face "the imperishable mark of style." What a good, generous, noble man this murderer is!

JUDGED BY HIS STYLE.

JONES—"How on earth does Bluffem manage to get credit at that swell tailor's?"
BROWN—"The tailor found out that he lived at the Asdorf-Waldoria."
JONES—"But how does he manage to bluff the hotel people?"
BROWN—"I suppose they judge him by his clothes."

THE MAIDEN OR THE MITTEN?

WHICH is better, say,
When by love we're smitten,
That we should receive
The maiden or the mitten?

If it be the cause
Of sorrow or joy's laughter
That we cannot know
Until some time after.

Even then we our
Real opinion smother;
Whichever one we get
We wish it were the other.

Thus it ever is
When by love we're bitten;
Which is better, then,
The maiden or the mitten?

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

AS IT LOOKED TO HER.

MARGIE, having seen a very fat man on the street, says, "He must have dwowed awfully fast out sideways, 'tause he'd dwowed all his potits full."

A JUVENILE PHILANTHROPIST.

Mother—"No, Tommy, you mustn't have any more turkey. I'm afraid it might make you sick."

Tommy—"Well, if folks didn't get sick the doctors couldn't have any Thanksgiving."

COULDN'T PLACE HIM.

LITTLE PATSY (*studying natural history*)—"Father, what snake is it that goes by the name of cobra-di-capello? Do you know?"
MR. FINNEGAN—"Shure now, Patsy, you hov me. Thot name sounds very familiar, but Oi can't remimber now fer th' loife uv me whether he's a Spanish admiral or a Spanish gineral."

Photo. by Schloss.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

YVONNE DE TREVILLE.

Castle Square Opera Co.

Admiring multitudes assail
Beauty that is fair and frail;
And throngs, like armies fierce, rejoice
At a sweetly trilling voice.
Yvonne, beware! for I divine
Perils such as these are thine.

GUESS AGAIN.

CLERK—"What kind of gloves, madam—walking gloves?"
MISS WAYBACK—"Mercy sakes, no! I don't wear gloves on my feet."

LATTER-DAY WISDOM.

INNOCENCE had been accustomed to throw her kisses, for convenience; but one day she became suddenly wise.

Having retired to her little bed she rose laboriously to leave an extra kiss for papa.

"I get up to give it because I am not going to frow any more," she said a little regretfully. "I have lost many kisses that way."

THE WORM TURNS.

HE WAS waiting there in silence while the critic read his book,
And his heart most sank within him as he saw the sneering look
Of the critic, who addressed him, "Sir, your book is very old;
'Tis a faithful repetition of a story often told."
Then the author turned to leave him, and his face with rage was blue,
"Good gracious! Master Critic, do you think your speech is new?"

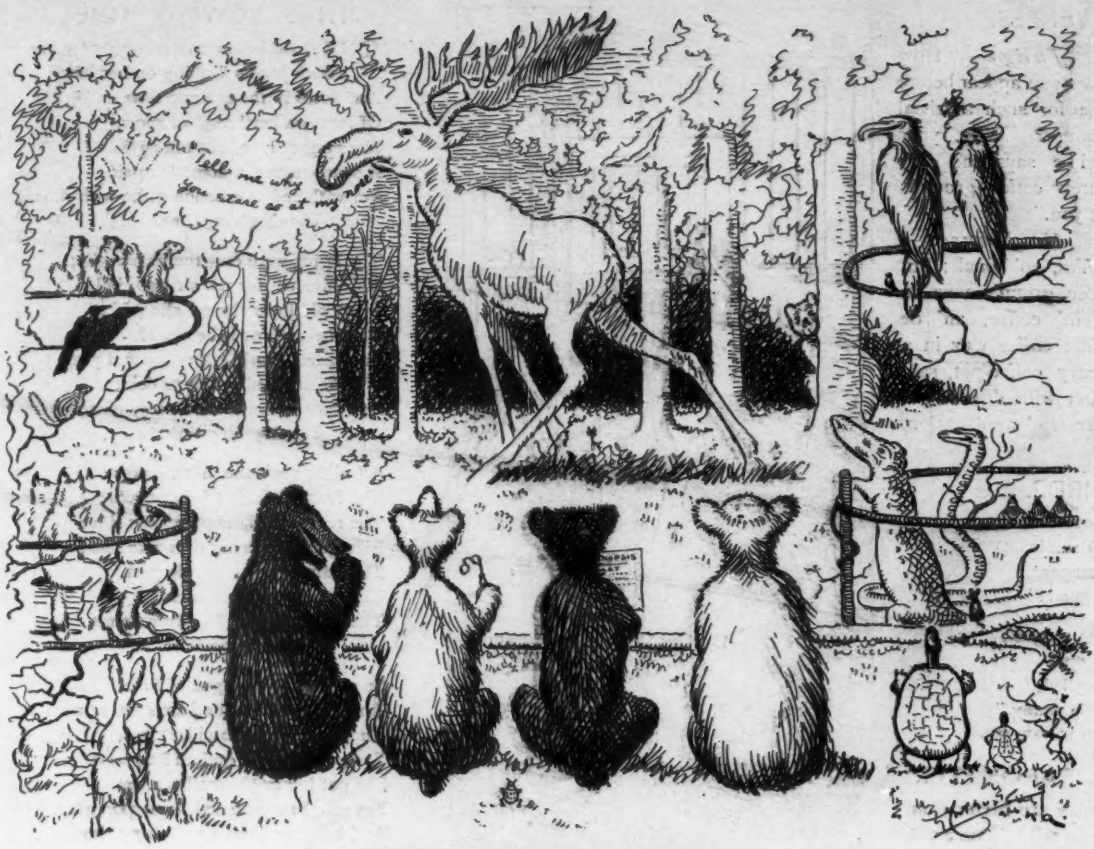
IN THE BARN-YARD.

First turkey—"How common-looking that turkey over there is. He hasn't the least notion of style."

Second turkey—"Don't bother about that. Thanksgiving is soon here, and then he'll be well dressed."

FOR CONVENIENCE.

JONES—"What has Gayburrd got such an outlandish walk as that in front of his house for? Is it for artistic effect?"
SMITH—"Oh, no; for convenience—that's the way he walks when he comes home nights."



THEATRICALS IN THE FOREST.
The moose as Cyrano de Bergerac.

KNEW WHAT IT WAS.

"MY FRIEND," said the veteran, "do you know what it is to look into the muzzle of a Winchester?"

"Indeed I do," replied the stranger modestly.

"Shake!" said the veteran. "Cuba?"

"Oh, no. I run a gun-store down here in Peoria."

A QUANDARY.

LOVING my friend and loving truth,
By doubts and fears I'm torn in half,
Because my friend has asked, in sooth,
That I should write his epitaph.

ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.

THE SEASON'S TRAVESTY.

Mrs. Dorcas—"How is it, my poor man, you have no Thanksgiving dinner this year?"

Tattered Tom—"I follered yer advice, mum. I wuz good dis year an' didn't do nuthin' to git committed to de island."

PRESIDENTS AS COLLEGE MEN.

"I THINK it is worthy of note," said Mr. Shaddock, "that every president of the United States has been a college man."

"Surely you are wrong," replied Mr. Bittersweet. "I never heard that they were all college men."

"Oh, yes; every one went through the electoral college."

CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

Minister—"Ah, Brother Prareful, are you offering thanks that your son returned safe and unhurt from the war?"

Brother Prareful—"'Tain't that, parson. I'm thankin' the Lord that he didn't git more'n two compound fractures, four scalp-wounds an' seventeen contoosions in ter-day's foot-ball game."

THE SAME OLD DRUNK.

JUDGE—"You were before me last week and got off with a very small fine. Now you are here again for the same offense."

PUNCHEON—"Yes, judge; but yer can't convict a feller twice fer de same offense. Dis is de same ol' drunk."

VERY EVIDENT.

TOMMY—"Is your grandpa who is visiting you your father's papa or your mother's papa?"

WILLIE—"Why, he's mother's papa, of course. Can't you see he's smoking his pipe in the parlor?"

FEMININE EVASIVENESS.

Judge—"How dare you appear before me for such a trivial charge? Why, your wife says she only threw coffee-grounds at you."

Mr. Johnson—"Yes, yo' honah; but dose groun's wuz in b'ilin' coffee, an' de b'ilin' coffee wuz in a heavy coffee-pot, sah. Mah wife dun fo'got toe testify toe de hull ob de distressin' combination, yo'r honah."

THREE OLD BIRDS.

BEAMING with foster-motherhood,
She asked (still fiercely ruminant)
The hall-room's latest occupant,
"And do you find the turkey good?"

At first he seemed to have no tongue;
But presently he gravely eyed
His vis-à-vis, and thus replied,
"Madam, they say the good die young."

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

AN UNFAILING BUSINESS BAROMETER.

Stranger—"You say that times are better than they were a year ago? How can you tell? Don't you know that business can never really improve until we have some financial legislation?"

Uncle Abner—"Dunno anything about that, mister; but I do know that business is better right here in this neighborhood than it has been any time since 1890. Our township assessor says he kin report only seven dogs in the hull township this year as against thirty-four last year an' over fifty in the panic year of 'ninety-three. Yes, sir; times air improvin'."

THE INTIMATE.

THE trees had been dipped in a pigment of sunshine and frost. The hillside was splendid. Nature had not begun to count her lost gold. The sad days had not come yet. Sackcloth and ashes were unknown yet, and autumn held high carnival.

1. On moving-day the artist suddenly discovers that he has left a spot on the carpet.

IN BOSTON.

COUNTRY LADY—"What kind of a dog is that, little boy?"
BOSTON BOY—"That, madam, is an expectorating dog."
COUNTRY LADY—"A what?"
BOSTON BOY—"Vulgar people call it a spitz."

We approached from a distance. How splendid! We drew rein and took breath. The little one screamed with delight. "Oh, the beautiful trees! Take me to them. I want them for mine."

Her face drooped as we left the clear sunshine and her eyes strained after the tree-tops. Gnarled trunks barred our passage, thorns sprang in our way.

"The beautiful trees! We have lost them."

"Little one, they are here."

But she sighed.

Oh, you poor little thing! you poor little thing! You have learned your lesson too early.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

THANKSGIVING TIME.

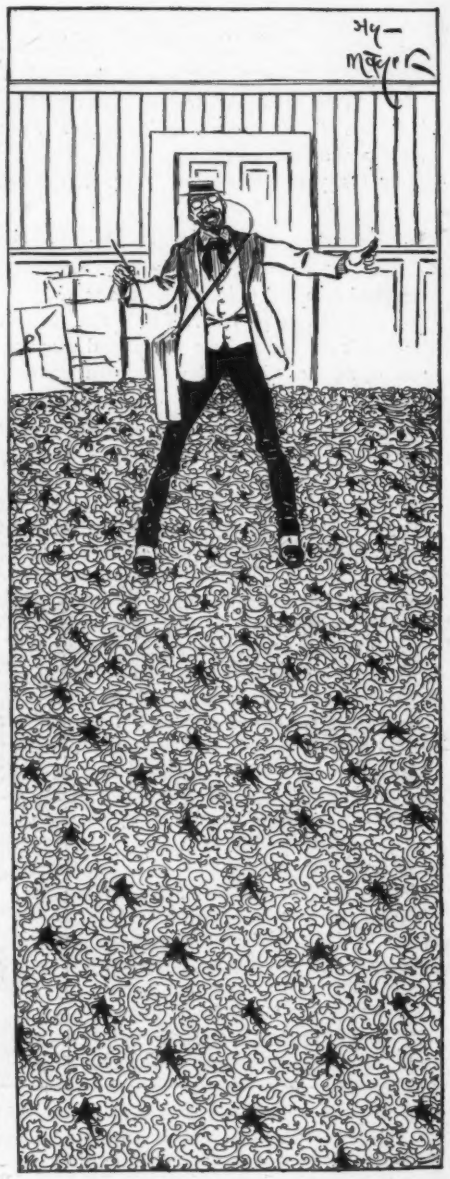
SHE stood before the foot-lights' glare,
With jewels flashing on her hair
And roses in the fall and flow
Of laces on her breast of snow.
She sang of love, but felt again
A sharp regret, a homesick pain,
For withered woodlands white with rime
Thanksgiving time.

The lights were out, the music still;
She shivered, for the air was chill.
"Is my old lover there," she said;
"Or is he wed, or is he dead?
For hearts, world-weary, once a year
Will dream again of faces dear,
And turn to home from every clime
Thanksgiving time.

"All night upon the fallen leaves
The frost its fairy fabric weaves;
The rows of yellow pumpkins shine
Like golden coaches drawn in line;
The cedar wears a purple gem,
The sumac-bush a diadem;
The brook repeats its silver rhyme
Thanksgiving time."

So over many a league of foam
And mile of land she journeyed home
And, treading in familiar ways,
Forgot the world and all its praise.
She put her rainbow silks away
For gingham blue and homespun gray,
And bells rang out a wedding-chime
Thanksgiving time.

MINNA IRVING.



2. But art knows a way.

COULD USE IT.

CHIEF RAIN-IN-THE-NECK (*who has made a raise from a reservation golfer*)—"Waugh! Very good quiver for arrows, but heap poor pipe for smoke. Ugh!"

AN OLD TURKEY.

A YEAR ago, when times were hard
And everything was rough,
He dined on pork and, with the bard,
Exclaimed, "Well, this is tough!"

But now, when times are good again
And each one has enough,
To carve the bird he strives in vain,
And cries, "Well, this is tough!"

J. J. O'CONNELL.

HIS HORRID HALLUCINATION.

Attendant (in insane-asylum)—"That poor fellow over there is the most pitiable case in the institution. He weeps and bemoans his lot from morning till night, and nothing can be done to alleviate his distress of mind."

Visitor—"What is the nature of his hallucination?"

Attendant—"He believes that he is the husband of seven wives who are all coming to visit him on the morrow."

HER PUN.

"The shot had dropped out of the shell," said Fred;
"Then the only pheasant I saw that day
Got up about twenty yards ahead"——
"And of course you missed the shot," said May.

JUSTLY PROUD.

"I'm proud o' me mother, Bill. Ninety-nine year old ter-day an' cuts all the wood fer the kitchen-fire."

A GOBBLER INTAGLIO.

THE gobbler dreams alone
Upon the bough all day;
The winds about him moan
And in his whiskers play.

To him they weirdly sing,
"The gravy 'll soon anoint
Your drumstick and your wing,
Your neck and second joint."

His weary wattles wag
With visible unrest;
His spirits sadly sag,
And woe 's his spirit's guest.

Oh, still he sways and bobs
Unto the whirlwind's zip,
That echoes all the sobs
That down his wishbone drip.

The headsman is one spook
He tries to put to flight;
Another is the cook
In apron long and white.

And so beneath his wing
In sleep he drifts away
Where there's no bell to ring
And no Thanksgiving day.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

NOT MANY OF THEM.

Little Johnnie—"What's a philosopher, pa?"

Brown—"At this time of year, my boy, it is a man who is thankful for what he didn't get."

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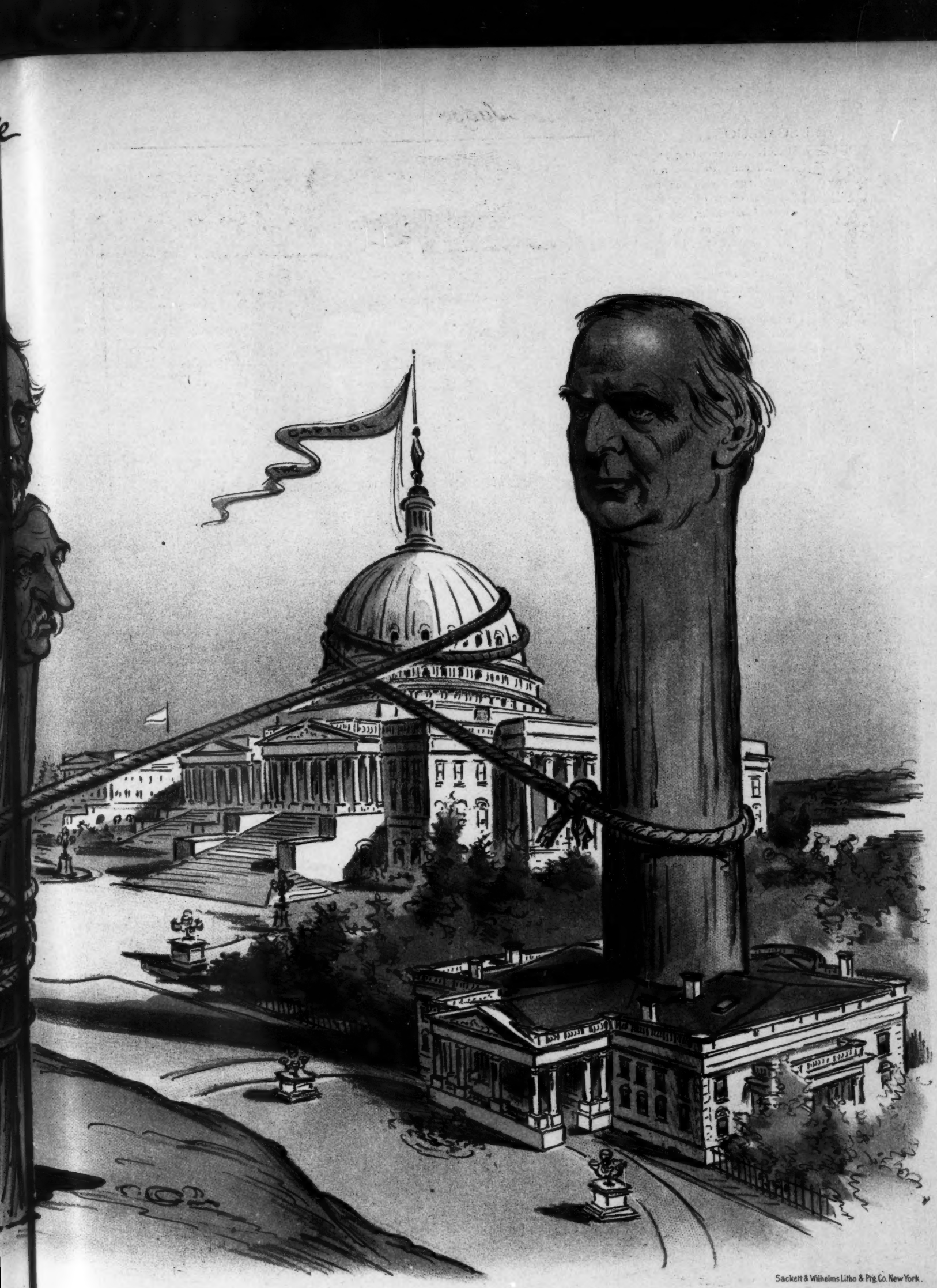
VERDADERAMENTE AL ES REN

(FREE TRANSLATION—"At th nd of hi



Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Prtg. Co. New York.

ESTREMO DE LA CUERDA.

"At the end of his rope."

THE SCAPEGOAT.

"HERE is an interesting inquiry which came to hand a little while ago," said the high-browed editor of the Pettyville *Plaindealer*, extending the document in question to the friend who had just dropped in.

The latter took it and read the wail of a subscriber who was troubled with a painful goneness in his stomach—also in his family circle, the wife of his bosom having eloped with a horse-doctor—a dull gray taste in his mouth, distressing forebodings, palpitation of the heart, ghastly and ghostly rappings on the headboard of his bed at night, cold sweat, a strange twitching of his ears, friends who borrowed from him and paid not again, the still, small voice of conscience, the green-goods habit, boils, stuttering, a mortgage, and so on to considerable length; and after reciting the list of his troubles he desired the scribe to dig deep into the vast accumulation of knowledge which all country editors are supposed to possess and tell him what, oh, what to do for each of his numerous ails, aches, woes and misfortunes.

"My stars!" commented the friend. "It will take you a long time to prescribe the proper treatment for his many miseries."

"Oh, no," replied the able editor promptly. "We shall simply tell him to blame it all on Alger."

BIBLICAL COMPARISON.

PARSON BEBEE—"Talk erbout de temptation ob Saint Anthony!"

A REFLECTION.

A CLEVER looking-glass, forsooth,
Has place on Mabel's mantel-shelf,
So dainty and so neat, in truth,
'Tis like its owner's own sweet self

In some respects; for instance, this—
You'll quick discern the simile—
A clever looking-glass it is,
A clever-looking lass is she

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

HIS STATUS.

Book-agent—"What kind of a man is your neighbor, Mr. Puffedup?"

Farmer Hornbeak—"Wa-al, I cackerlate he imagines that there won't be any more wet weather this season unless he withdraws his objection."

AN ICONOCLAST.

Miss Tommey—"Mr. Bunting is a singular man."

Miss Filkins—"How so?"

Miss Tommey—"He says he doesn't like golf."

Miss Filkins—"But lots of men don't like golf."

Miss Tommey—"Yes, but Mr. Filkins says he doesn't care who knows it."

A LESSON FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

Johnny ate at dinner-time more than was good for him, and when he went to bed at night he had a most terrible dream about himself. Good children always get up from the table with an appetite.

"I'm lucky," said Noah, "in building this boat.
In tranquil enjoyment we'll set it afloat;
For none will be wroth o'er distinctions so fine
If we christen the vessel with water or wine.
—*Washington Star.*

If you want a fine extra dry sparkling wine drink *Cook's Imperial.* Flavor unsurpassed, bouquet unrivaled.

Maloney (a transient)—"Whist, mon! would it be anny throuble fer yez to till an Oirishmon av a saloon phere he moight buy a drink this Soonday marnin'?" *Tarrity* (old resident)—"Indade, not. The only throuble Oi'd hov would be tillin' yez av a saloon phere yez couldn't buy a drink."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"Is General Bacon a politician?" asked the observant boarder. "Of course not," replied the cross-eyed boarder. "What makes you ask that?" "He seems to have carried some of our Indian wards."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup conquers croup at once, cures the child, and thus saves many a life. Mothers need not fear that dreadful disease if they have this reliable remedy at hand. It is sold by all druggists for 25 cents.

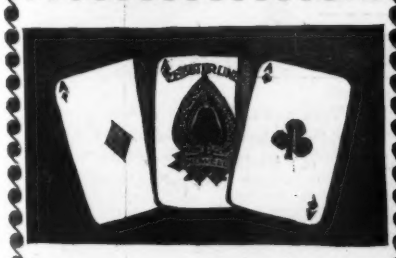
"No, I don't object to my wife's taking pictures," said the husband of the camera-fiend; "but we have no dark-room, and when I step into the bath-room of an early morning the plates do feel so cold and slimy."—*New York Evening Sun.*

The cattlemen around Centerview, Colorado, flocked to the game of base-ball played by the Boston bloomer-girls, claiming that it was their duty to examine every bunch of stray calves that drifted on to their ranges.—*Denver Evening Post.*

PURE,
REFRESHING,
ANTISEPTIC.

For all-round hygienic excellence no cleansing agent compares with

Packer's Tar Soap.



Three of a Kind

beat two pairs, but one pair of

Endwell Braces

beats two pairs of any other make.

It's in the "graduated" cord ends—
Elastic in places for comfort;
Non-elastic in places for durability.

Ask your furnisher for the "Endwell," or send 50c. for a sample pair. Cheaper model, the "C.S.C.," for 25c. Scarf-fastener free to buyers, for your furnisher's name if he does not keep the "Endwell Braces."

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.
5 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass.

"I learn," she said reproachfully, "that you were devoted to no fewer than five girls before you finally proposed to me. How do I know that you didn't make desperate love to all of them?" "I did," he replied promptly. "You did?" she exclaimed. "Certainly," he returned. "You don't suppose for a minute I would be foolhardy enough to try for such a prize as you are without practicing a little at first, do you?"—*Chicago Post.*

Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the great South American tonic, imparts a delicious flavor; cures dyspepsia, diarrhœa, fever and ague.

Lady—"You say, professor, that tobacco is an aid to thought and a stimulant to the reasoning faculties; but Professor Greathead says tobacco is in every way injurious. How do you account for that difference?" *The professor*—"Easily enough, madam. Professor Greathead does not smoke, and consequently he can neither think straight nor reason correctly."—*New York Weekly.*

Even as she looked the angry light faded from her eyes, and the cold, cutting words that but a moment before trembled on her tongue were never uttered. Instead her heavenly orbs took on the soft, dreamy look of love, and she bowed her head on his manly shoulder. She had noticed in the upper right-hand corner of his vest reposed two tickets to the play.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A moneyed man may often pass
As good among the many,
Though all his worth be counterfeit
And he a bad, bad penny.
—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

You throw away half your cigar — half the time! Why not get the full benefit of what you pay for?

Van Bibber Little Cigars

are excellent little *cigars* for all ordinary *short smokes.* They are made of the very best imported whole leaf tobacco and *never vary in quality.* Any intelligent smoker who will try them will adopt them as a part of his smoking outfit.

Ask *your* dealer for them or send 25c. (stamps) and 10 of them will be sent, in special pocket pouch, by return mail, *prepaid,* wherever you live.

H. Ellis & Co., Baltimore, Md.
The American Tobacco Co., Successor

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
HEADS THE LIST
OF THE
HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.
It is the favorite of the artists and the refined musical public.
SOHMER & CO.,
Piano Manufacturers
New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING
FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 22D STREET.

While love will always find the way—
It pains me much to say it—
While love will always find the way
It's never known to pay it.
—*Detroit Journal.*

"I used to think Barlow's wife was a woman who knew something. I imagined that she had brains and used them." "Well, don't you think so any more?" "Let us drop the subject. She was my partner in a duplicate-whist roast last night."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"I guess I'm willin' to go," said the farmer when they told him his hours would be but few. "It is just a change from havin' my nose to the grindstone to havin' it to the tombstone."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The new process for making different styles of portraits and art novelties, and which is easy to learn, has built up a large business for the Standard Manufacturing Company of New York, whose advertisement, headed "Home Work," appears in another column. We are satisfied that the Standard Manufacturing Company will carry out their agreements.

Brace Up

your nerves and tone up the blood by drinking

Evans' Stout

which is far better than drugs, and is in fact the actual essence of nature—rich malt and hops.

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Brewers, Maltsters, and Bottlers,
HUDSON, N. Y.

W. & J. Sloane

RUGS

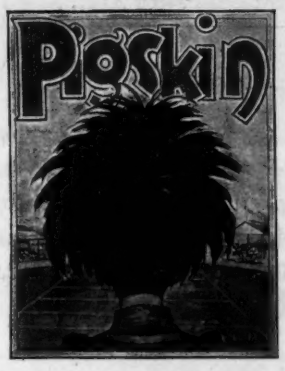
ORIENTAL and DOMESTIC

Largest assortment in America. Send size required, predominating color of decorations, and we will make selections subject to your approval.

Broadway & 19th St.

Judge's Library, No. 116.

JUST PUBLISHED.
PRICE, 10 CENTS.

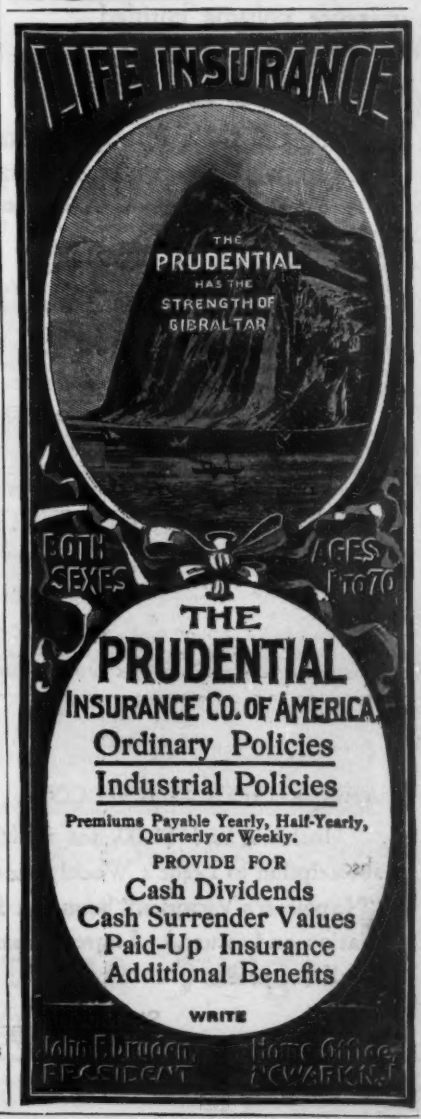


Plumb full of Fun. For sale everywhere at TEN CENTS.

The cigar-makers of Manila demand that four days shall constitute a week's work. As there are one hundred and fifty-one holidays in Manila, it looks as if we should have to add a few days to the Manila year in order to give the cigar-makers a chance for a week's work.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Frances—"Harry says he just wants to fall down and worship me all the time." *Her mamma*—"Oh, well, don't mind that, dear. After you're married he won't let it interfere with his business."—*Chicago News.*

Bride—"I'm so afraid people will find out that we're just married that I've made Will promise to treat me in public just as if he had no thought of any one but himself." *Matron*—"I adopted that plan when I was married, and my husband never got over it."—*Tid-bits.*



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Correct Solution of "Judge's" Puzzle Pictures, 18th CONTEST.

1 Endicott.
2 Holt.
3 Dearborn.
4 Pickering.
5 Lincoln.
6 Armstrong.
7 Barbour.
8 Bell.
9 Knox.
10 Porter.
11 Hunt.
12 Chandler.
13 Crowninshield.
14 Woodbury.
15 Badger.
16 Tracy.
17 Welles.
18 Branch.
19 Dobbin.
20 Mason.
21 Buckboard.
22 Rockaway.
23 Gig.
24 Brake.
25 Buggy.
26 Sulky.
27 Coach.
28 Platform-wagon.
29 Victoria.
30 Dog-cart.
31 Boston.
32 Richmond.
33 Stiletto.
34 Fortune.
35 Foote.
36 Independence.
37 Vesuvius.
38 Baltimore.
39 Dolphin.
40 Rocket.

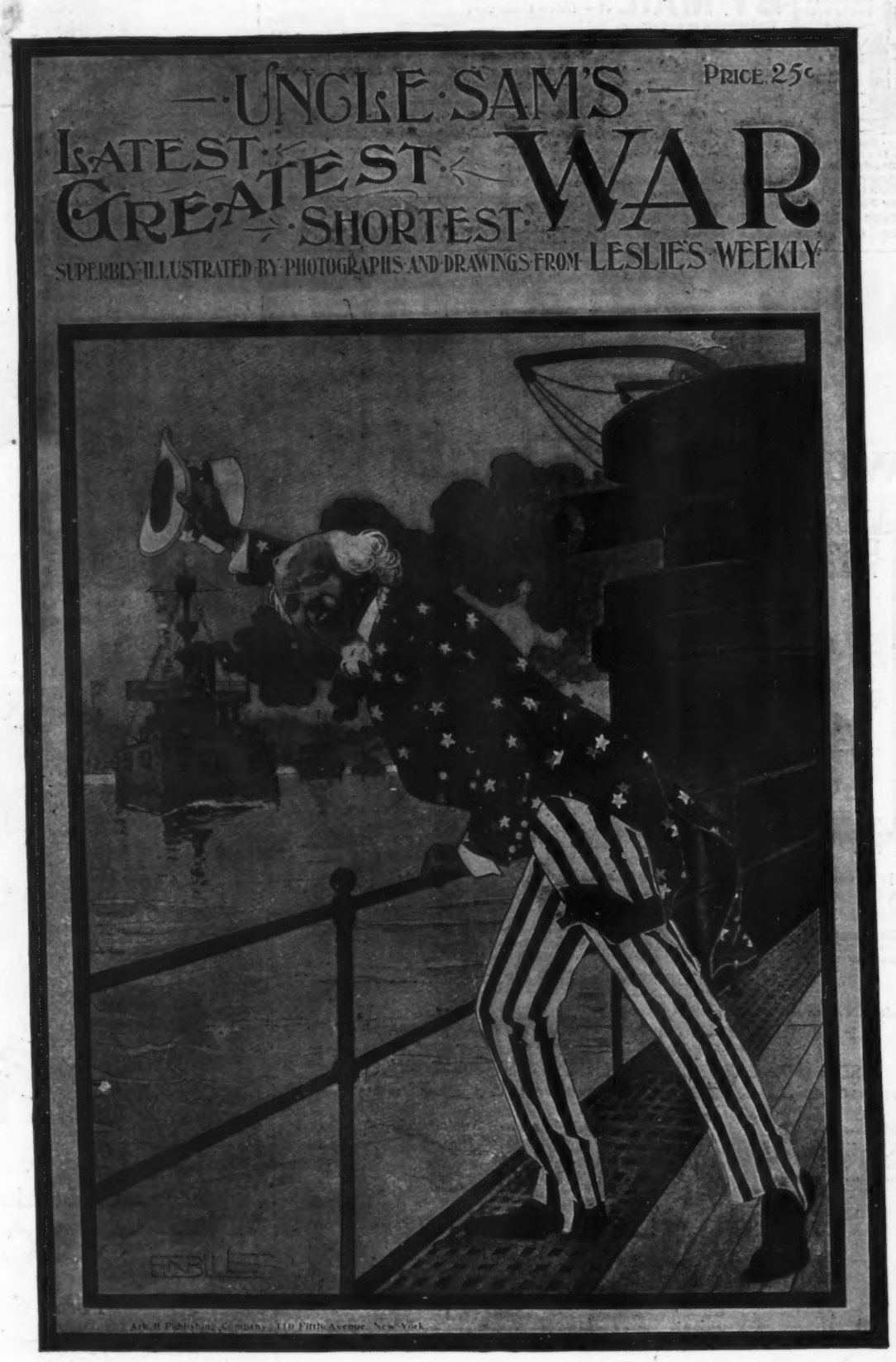
The names of the prize-winners will appear in next week's JUDGE.

Miss Spanker (at the helm)—"Do you enjoy yachting, Mr. de Mer?" *De Mer* (swallowing heroically)—"Oh, yes; I'm passionately fond of it when I am on dry land."—*Philadelphia North American.*

Bitters that better the physical condition of every one who uses Abbott's—The Original Angostura. Take none but the genuine—"Abbott's."

No wonder the dons call the patrol-wagon the black Maria, or something of that sort. A "hurry-up wagon" would be entirely out of place in Spain.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The more we study the more we discover our ignorance.—*Shelley.*



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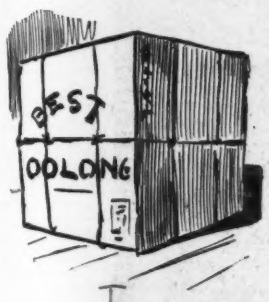
Here are ten pictures. Each one represents the name of a **Letter** of the alphabet. You will see that No. 1 is **T,** and you will also see from this how to work out the others. We have prizes to give as above to the most successful of our readers who solve these ten illustrations and **Thirty** (30) others, which are to appear in the next three weeks.



1 T

2 C

3 W

4 B

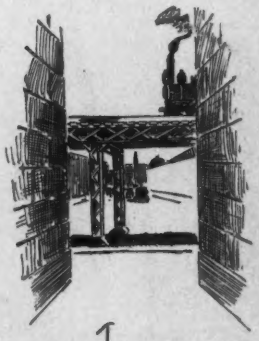
5 V

6 U

7 Q

8 X

9 J



10 L

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READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY. Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (**holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 895**), and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; **then mail all four sheets, pinned together in the upper left-hand corner,** to the "JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLE DEPT., 110 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from date of JUDGE No. 895. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified. You can send in as many answers as you please, providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture is allowed on any one sheet. It is not necessary to send a second set of solutions to the whole forty puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, *all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above.* Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions. The date of *mailing* your answers and not that of our *receiving* them is considered in governing the question of priority; the post-office mailing or dating-stamp on the envelope determining this point.

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Hoax—"There's a fine rumpus in that man's family." *Joax*—"Who is he?" *Hoax*—"His name's Cruzer. His wife recently presented him with a girl-baby, and the family's divided as to whether she shall be christened with wine or water."—*Philadelphia Record.*

ROMEIKE'S **Press Cutting Bureau** will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched for your notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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STOP SMOKING!

Mrs. Senator—"What is your pleasure in regard to dinner, my dear?" *Mr. Senator* (just returned from a session of the legislature)—"I move it be laid on the table."—*Boston Courier.*

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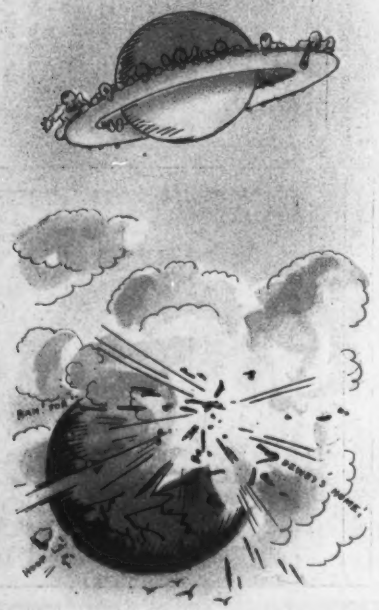
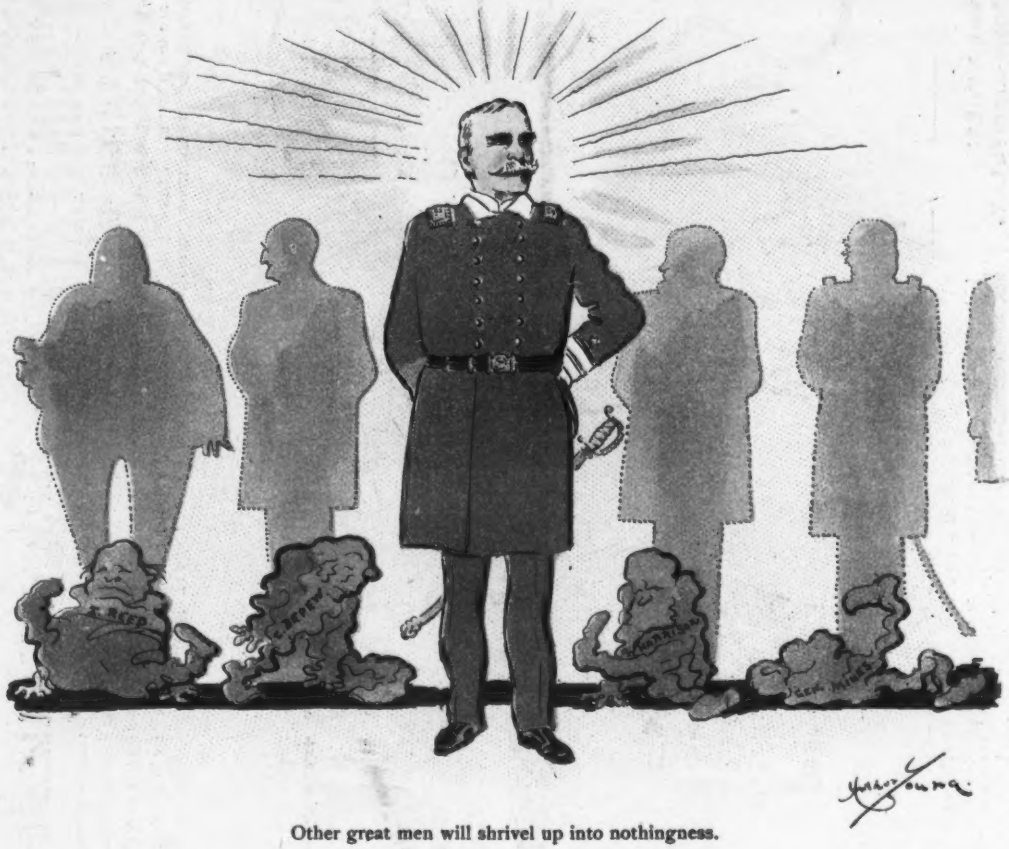


The inhabitants of Saturn or some other planet will wonder if our world is coming to an end.

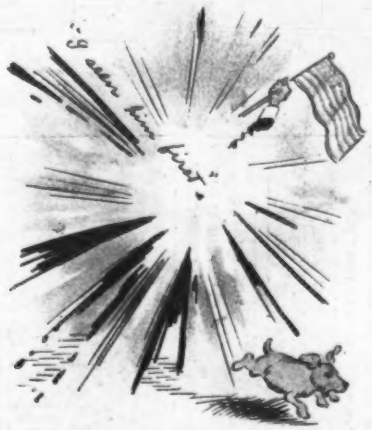


Other great men will shrivel up into nothingness.

We will line up three deep on the house-top.

The katydids will come out of their winter quarters in the forest and sing new tunes for the occasion.

If he runs the gauntlet of the souvenir-button rippers and mothers with kissable babies it will be another great feat like "Manila."



The small boy will simply burst.

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